

A True and Faithful
NARRATIVE
OF
OLIVER CROMWELL'S
COMPACT

With the Devil for Seven Years, on the
Day in which he gain'd the Battle at *Worcester*;
and on which Day, at the Expiration of the
said Term, he afterwards died.

As it was
Related by Colonel *LINDSET*, who was an
Eye-Witness of that Diabolical Conference, Related
in Mr. Arch-Deacon *Eachard's* History of England.

WITH
A Letter from the Lady *Claypole*, *Oliver Cromwell's* be-
loved Daughter, to her Sister the Vice Countess of *Fal-*
conbridge, copied from the Original, and found in the
Lord *Falconbridge's* Study soon after his Death, at *Brussels*,
which in a great Measure confirms the same; also some
Minutes from Secretary *Thurlo's* Pocket-Book, which
corroborate the Truth of this Fact; never before Printed.

To which is added,
The Earl of *CLARENDON's* Character of
the Usurper, and an Account of his Death.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris & Carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.* ————— Juv.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N:

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THE
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AND
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YEARS, &c.

Mr. Arch-Deacon *Eachard* says, in his Second Volume of his History of the Kings of *England*, after giving an Account of the Fight at *Worcester*, Page 712.

BUT others accounted it an *Infernal* Judgment: Concerning which, we have a strange Story in the last Part of the *History of Independency*, which the Author says, he receiv'd from a Person of Quality, viz. ' It was believ'd, and not without good Cause, that *Cromwell*, the same
A 2 Morning

‘ Morning that he defeated the King’s Army
 ‘ at *Worcester* had a Conference Personally
 ‘ with the Devil, with whom he made a Con-
 ‘ tract, that to have his Will then, and in all
 ‘ things else for Seven Years from that Day,
 ‘ he should, at the Expiration of the said Years,
 ‘ have him at his Command, to do at his
 ‘ Pleasure both with Soul and Body. This
 is also related in other printed Books. But
 we have receiv’d a more full Account never
 yet publish’d, which is inserted here as a Thing
 more wonderful than probable, and therefore
 more for the Diversion than Satisfaction of the
 Reader. It is a Relation or Narrative of a
 valiant Officer call’d *Lindsey*, an intimate
 Friend of *Cromwell*’s, the first Captain of his
 Regiment, and therefore commonly call’d
 Colonel *Lindsey*; which is to this Effect.
 ‘ On the 3d of *September* in the Morning,
 ‘ *Cromwell* took this Officer to a Wood Side
 ‘ not far from the Army, but bid him alight
 ‘ and follow him into that Wood, and to take par-
 ‘ ticular Notice of what he saw and heard.
 ‘ After they had both alighted, and secured
 ‘ their Horses, and walked some small Way
 ‘ into the Wood, *Lindsey* began to turn pale,
 ‘ and to be seiz’d with Horror from some un-
 ‘ known Cause: Upon which, *Cromwell* ask’d
 ‘ him how he did, or how he felt himself? He
 ‘ answered, That he was in such a Trembling
 ‘ and Consternation, that he never felt the like

' in all the Conflicts and Battles he had enga-
 ' ged in. But whether it proceeded from the
 ' Gloominess of the Place, or the Temperament
 ' of his Body, he knew not. How now, said
 ' Cromwell, what, troubled with Vapours?
 ' Come forward Man! They had not gone
 ' above twenty Yards, before Lindsey on a
 ' sudden stood still, and cry'd out, *By all that's*
 ' *good, he was seiz'd with such unaccountable*
 ' *Terror and Astonishment, that it was impossi-*
 ' *ble for him to stir one Step farther.* Upon
 ' which Cromwell call'd him faint-hearted Fool,
 ' and bid him stand there and observe, or be
 ' a Witness. And then advancing to some Di-
 ' stance from him, he met with a grave el-
 ' derly Man, with a Roll of Parchment in his
 ' Hand, who deliver'd it to Cromwell, who
 ' eagerly perus'd it. Lindsey a little recover'd
 ' from his Fear, heard several loud Words
 ' between them; particularly, Cromwell said,
 ' *This is but for seven Years, I was to have*
 ' *had it for one and twenty, and it must and*
 ' *shall be so.* The other told him positively,
 ' *It could not be for above seven Years.* Upon
 ' which, Cromwell cry'd with great Fierceness,
 ' *It should be for fourteen Years.* But the
 ' other peremptorily declar'd, *It could not*
 ' *possibly be for any longer Time; and if he*
 ' *would not take it so, there were others who*
 ' *wou'd accept it.* Upon which, Cromwell
 ' at last took the Parchment, and return'd to
 ' Lindsey

' *Lindsey* with great Joy in his Countenance,
 ' he cry'd, *Now Lindsey, the Battle is our*
 ' *own! I long to be engag'd.* Returning out
 ' of the Wood, they rode to the Army, *Crom-*
 ' *well* with a Resolution to engage as soon as
 ' possible, and the other with a Design of
 ' leaving the Army as soon. After the first
 ' Charge *Lindsey* deserted his Post, and rode
 ' away with all possible Speed Day and Night,
 ' till he came into the County of *Norfolk*, to
 ' the House of an intimate Friend, one Mr.
 ' *Thorowgood*, Minister of the Parish.

' *Cromwell*, as soon as he miss'd him, sent
 ' all Ways after him, with a Promise of a
 ' great Reward to any that should bring him
 ' alive or dead. Thus far the Narrative of
Lindsey himself; but something further is to
 be remember'd to compleat and confirm the
 Story.

When Mr. *Thorowgood* saw his Friend
Lindsey come into his Yard, his Horse and
 himself just tir'd, in a sort of Amaze, said, *How*
now Colonel! we hear there is likely to be a
Battle shortly, What fled from your Colours!
A Battle! said the other, *yes, there has been*
a Battle, and I am sure the King is beaten;
but if ever I strike a Stroke for Cromwell again,
may I perish eternally; for I am sure he has
made a League with the Devil, and the Devil
will have him in due Time. Then desiring his
 Protection from *Cromwell's* Inquisitors, he went
 in

in and related to him the whole Story and all Circumstances, concluding with these remarkable Words: *That Cromwell wou'd certainly die that Day seven Years the Battle was fought.* The Strangeness of the Relation caus'd Mr. *Thorowgood* to order his Son *John*, then about twelve Years of Age, to write it in full length in his Common-Place-Book, and likewise the same Story written in other Books, I am assur'd is still preserv'd in the Family of the *Thorowgoods*. But how far *Lindsey* is to be believ'd, and how far the Story is to be accounted incredible, is left to the Reader's Faith and Judgment, and not to any Determination of our own.

Mr.

Mr. Eachard having quoted but Part of this, I have, for the Satisfaction of the Reader, transcribed it all.

HISTORY of Independency, Part 4. Page 13.

GIVE me Leave here to relate a Passage which I received from a Person of Quality, *viz.* It was believ'd, and that not without some good Cause, that *Cromwell* the same Morning he had defeated the King's Army at *Worcester* Fight, had Conference personally with the Devil, with whom he made a Contract, that to have his Will then, and in all Things else after for seven Years from that Time (being the 3d of *September* 1651.) he should, at the Expiration of the said Years, have him at his Command, both his Soul and Body. Now if any one will please to reckon from the 3d of *September* 1651, till the 3d of *September* 1658, he shall find it to a Day just seven Years and no more, at the End of which he died; but with Extremity of tempestuous Weather, that was by all Men judged to be prodigious; neither indeed was his End more miserable, (for he died mad and despairing) than he had left his Name infamous.

A LET-

A LETTER from **Cromwell's**
Beloved Daughter Claypole to her
Sister the Lady Viscountess of Falcon-
bridge, faithfully Copied from the
Original, found in the Lord Falcon-
bridge's Study soon after his Death,
a Year and Half since, at Brussels,
the Place of his Lordship's Decease,
never before printed.

OH ! my dear Sister, were it possible for me to hope for any Alleviation to my Grief, from any Appearance of a Repentant Temper in my Father, whose way of living, and whose Usurpation of his lawful Sovereign's Throne, must cause my Death, I should make it my Endeavour to survive, mine and my dear Country's present Calamities : But as this is not to be expected, I can only thank you for your kind Advice, and send you my Reasons for giving all over to be lost during the little Space of Life, which is seemingly allotted me.

You have heard of my Importunities with this Monster of Mankind, whom I must yet, to my extreme Sorrow, call Father, to save the Precious Life of the late King, and the Promise he made me of *not suffering so much as*

one of the Hairs of that good Man's Head to perish, when at the same time to keep his Word to me in one Sense, and be true to his ambitious Principles in another, he most barbarously, and most hypocritically, caus'd him to be beheaded, so that Affair was not lost: You have heard of my Solicitations with him at divers Times to resign the Government of these Kingdoms to the presumptive Heir of the Crown, and my Endeavours to recover him to his antient Loyalty, from Treason and Rebellion, for which, it is but too visible, that sudden, and very dreadful Judgments hang over his Head: But you may not have heard perhaps how he behaves under all these impending Dangers.

Sometimes, as the Fit takes him, to divert the Melancholly, that through the Guilt of his Conscience, which is not yet so very much fear'd as to be totally effaced, he dines with the Officers of the Army at *Hampton Court*, and shews a Hundred Antick Tricks, as throwing of Cushions at them, and putting burning hot Coals into their Pockets and Boots: At others before he has half dined, he gives order for a Drum to beat, and call in his Foot-Guards, like a Kenel of Hounds, to snatch off the Meat from his Table, and tear it in Pieces, with many other unaccountable Whimsies. Immediately after this, Fear and Astonishment sits in his Countenance, and not a Nobleman

bleman approaches him but he fells him, he is come from drinking the King's and the Royal Family's Healths. Now he calls for his Guards, with whom he rides out incompass'd behind and before for the Preservation of his mock Highness, and at his Return at Night shifts from Bed to Bed for fear of Surprise.

These and such like unaccountable Actions, make me search into the Springs from whence these Disorders arise, but why do I search? Why do I make any Investigation in any Conferences with him, since they proceed from a Sense of his having so deep a Hand in the Murder of his anointed Sovereign and the Usurpation of his Throne: When I talk to him of Restitution, he says he has enter'd into Bonds not to do it (I pray God it be not with some infernal Spirit) during his Life. When I urge the Pains of Eternal Damnation to him, though he looks aghast and seems to be in terrible Agonies, he cries, dear Child do not add Fewel to my Flames, the *Third of September* is near approaching, and then. What he means by such incongruous and unconnected Answers, it is not in my Power to determine. When he and I are only sitting in his Bed-Chamber together, he seems very often talking with a Third Person, and cries you have cheated me, the Purchase was intended by me for *Seven Years* longer, I will not be so served;

and when Mr. Beeston my Mother's Gentleman Usher no longer since than Yesterday, came to tell him the Dutch Embassador's Lady was in her Apartment, this poor Pageant of Royalty made Answer, that had he Seven Years longer to live, he would make those Rebels chuse him for their State-holder.

Now, if my Disturbances of Mind, and Desires of leaving this World before I am an Eye Witness of worse Calamities that seem to be upon their Approach be not justifiable, nothing done by me can. Therefore in Pity to the most flagitious of Fathers, whose End must be miserable, I must offer up my continued Prayers to God, that he would be pleas'd to take me into the Arms of his Mercy, lest I survive to see the saddest Catastrophe, by his Death, which the Life of Man can be subject to.

Vera Copia.

John Richards.

Jan. 5. 1719.

Adieu, dear Sister adieu.

C L A Y P O L E

Minutes

Minutes taken out of Mr. Secretary Thurloe's Pocket-Book by the late Mr. John Milton, and given by him to his Nephew the late Mr. John Philips.

August 17. 1658.

MY Master the Protector caus'd me to be sent for, he being sick of a Tertian Ague, and the Room being voided, ask'd me, which would be the most proper to succeed him, his Son *Richard* or *Henry*, in case of his Demise. I answer'd, the Right of Primogeniture ought to take Place, which made him sigh and say, he grieved for having broke thro' that Rule: Though he could wish it might be again done in this Case: Then he order'd me to take a Bond out of a little Ebony Casket, and to burn it; saying, the Completion of it was well nigh come to pass.

August 27. 1658.

WHEN I came to wait on him, at my Return this Day from *Sussex*, where I had been to meet with one of the Prince of *Wales's* Domesticks who betray'd his Secrets. His Highness cried *Thurloe*, we have seen the 3d Day of *September* shine upon us twice with great Glory, but now that Glory shall vanish on the next, and Death and Hell shall have the Victory. That was the last Time of my Attendance, wherefore I pen this down by way of Remark, because his Highness died the 3d of *September* following.

An

*An Account of Oliver Cromwell's
Death, and his Character, by the No-
ble Historian EDWARD Earl of
CLARENDON.*

HE seem'd to be much afflicted at the Death of his Friend the Earl of *Warwick*, with whom he had a fast Friendship; tho' neither their Humours nor their Natures were alike. And the Heirs of that House, who had married his youngest Daughter, died about the same Time; so that all his Relation to, or Confidence in that Family was at an End: The other Branches of it, abhorring his Alliance. His Domestick Delights were less'n'd every Day: He plainly saw that his Son *Falconbridge's* Heart was set upon an Interest destructive to his, and grew to hate him perfectly: But that which chiefly broke his Peace, was the Death of his Daughter *Claypole*, who had been always his greatest Joy, and who in her Sickness, which was of a Nature the Physicians knew not how to deal with, had several Conferences with him, which exceedingly perplex'd him. Tho' no body was near enough to hear the Particulars, yet her often mentioning, in the Pains she endured, the Blood her Father had spilt, made People conclude, that she had presented his worst A-
ctions

otions to his Consideration. And tho' he never made the least Shew of Remorse for any of those Actions, it is very certain, that either what she said, or her Death, afflicted him wonderfully.

Whatever it was, about the middle of *August* he was seized on by a common Tertian Ague, from which he believed a little Ease and Divertisement at *Hampton Court* would have freed him. But the Fits grew stronger, and his Spirits much abated; so that he return'd again to *Whitehall*, when his Physicians began to think him in Danger; tho' the Preachers who pray'd always about him, and told God Almighty what great Things he had done for him, and how much more need he had still of his Service, declared as from God, that he should recover: And he himself was of the same Mind, and did not think he should die, till even the time that his Spirits failed him. Then he declared to them, " That he " did appoint his Son to succeed him, his eldest Son *Richard*, and so expired upon the third Day of *September 1658*, a Day he thought always very propitious to him, and on which he had twice triumphed for two of his greatest Victories. And this now was a Day very memorable for the greatest Storm of Wind, that had been ever known; for some Hours before and after his Death, which overthrew Trees, Houses, and made great Wrecks

Wrecks at Sea: And the Tempest was so universal, that the Effects of it were terrible in France and Flanders, where all People trembled at it: For besides, the Wrecks all along the Sea Coasts, many Boats were cast away in the very Rivers, and within few Days after, the Circumstance of his Death, that accompanied that Storm, was universally known.

The Usurper's Character.

HE was one of those Men, *Quos vituperare ne Inimici quidem possunt, nisi simul laudent*: Whom his very Enemies could not condemn, without commending him at the same Time: For he could never have done half that Mischief without great Parts of Courage, Industry and Judgment. He must have had a wonderful Understanding in the Natures and Humours of Men, and as great a Dexterity in applying them, who from a private and obscure Birth (tho' of a good Family) without Interest or Estate, Alliance or Friendship, could raise himself to such a Height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory Tempers, Humours and Interests, into a Consistence, that contributed to his Designs, and to their own Destruction. Whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the Instant that they projected

and

sted to demolish their own Building. What was said of *Cinna*, may very justly be said of him, *Ausum eum, quæ nemo uideret bonus: Perfecisse quæ à nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent.* He attempted those things which no good Man durst have ventured on, and atchieved those in which none but a valiant and great Man could have succeeded. Without doubt, no Man with more wickedness attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the Face and Contempt of Religion, and moral Honesty. Yet Wickedness as great as his could never have accomplish'd those Designs, without the Assistance of a great Spirit, an admirable Circumspection and Sagacity, and a most magnanimous Resolution.

When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a Person, in no Degree Gracious, nor Ornament of Discourse, none of those Talents, which use to conciliate the Affections of the Stander by: Yet as he grew into Place and Authority, his Posts seem'd to be rais'd, as if he had conceal'd Faculties, till he had Occasion to use them. And when he was to act the Part of a great Man, he did it without any Indecency, notwithstanding the Want of Custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the *Humble Petition and Advice*, he consulted with very few upon any Action of

Importance, nor communicated any Enterprize he resolved upon, with more than those who were to have principal Parts in the Execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. When he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any Contradiction of his Power and Authority; but extorted Obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

One Time, when he had laid some extraordinary Tax upon the City, one *Cony*, an Eminent *Fanatick*, and one who had heretofore served him very notably, positively refused to pay his Part, and loudly dissuaded others from submitting to it, 'as an Imposition notoriously against the Law, and the Property of the Subject, which all honest Men were bound to defend.' *Cromwell* sent for him, and cajoled him with the Memory of the 'old Kindness, and Friendship, that had been between them, and that, of all Men, he did not expect this Opposition from him, in a Matter that was so necessary for the Good of the Common-wealth.' It had always been his Misfortune to meet with the most rude and obstinate Behaviour from those who had formerly been absolutely govern'd by him; and they commonly put him in mind of some Expressions and Sayings of his own, in Cases of the like Nature; so this Man remem-ber'd

ber'd him, how great an Enemy he had expressed himself to such Grievances, and had declared, ' That all who submitted to them, ' and pay'd Illegal Fees, were more to blame, ' and greater Enemies to their Country, than ' they who had imposed them; and that the ' Tyranny of Princes could never be grievous, ' but by the Tameness and Stupidity of the ' People." When *Cromwell* saw that he could not convert him, he told him, ' That he had ' a Will as stubborn as his, and he would try ' which of them two should be Master. There- ' upon, with some Expressions of Reproach ' and Contempt, he committed the Man to Pri- ' son; whose Courage was nothing abated by ' it; But, as soon as the Term came, he ' brought his *Habeas Corpus*, in the King's ' Bench, which they then called the Upper ' Bench. *Maynard* who was of Council with ' the Prisoner, demanded his Liberty with ' great Confidence, both upon the Illegality ' of the Commitment, and the Illegality of ' the Imposition, as being laid without any ' lawful Authority." The Judges could not maintain or defend either; and enough declar'd what their Sentence would be; and therefore the Protector's Attorney requir'd a further Day, to answer what had been urged. Before that Day, *Maynard* was committed to the *Tower*, for presuming to question, or make doubt of his Authority, and the Judges were

sent for, and severely reprimanded for suffering that Licence ; when they with all Humility mention'd the Law and *Magna Charta*, Cromwell told them, with Terms of Contempt and Derision, ' Their *Magna F*— should not controul his Actions, which he knew were for the Safety of the Common-wealth. " He ask'd them, ' Who made them Judges ? Whether they had any Authority to sit there but what he gave them ? And if his Authority were at an End, they knew well enough what would become of themselves ; and therefore advised them to be more tender of that which could only preserve them, and so dismiss'd them with Cautions, that they should not suffer the Lawyers to prate what it would not become them to hear.

Thus he subdued a Spirit, that had been often troublesome to the most Sovereign Power, and made *Westminster-Hall* as Obedient, and subservient to his Commands, as any of the rest of his Quarters. In all other Matters which did not concern the Life of his Jurisdiction, he seemed to have great Reverence for the Law, rarely interposing between Parry and Parry. As he proceeded with this kind of Indignation, and Haughtiness with those that were refractory, and durst contend with his Greatness, so towards all who complied with his good Pleasure, and courted his Protection, he used great Civility, Generality, and Bounty.

To

To reduce three Nations which perfectly hated him, to an entire Obedience to all his Dictates: To awe and govern those Nations by an Army that was indevoted to him, and wish'd his Ruin, was an Instance of a very prodigious Address. But his Greatness at home was but a shadow of the Glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which fear'd him most, *France*, *Spain*, or the Low Countries, where his Friendship was current at the Value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their Honour and their Interest to his Pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded, that either of them would have denied him. To manifest which, there needs only two Instances. The first is, when those of the Valley of *Lucern* had unwarily risen in Arms against the Duke of *Savoy*, which gave Occasion to the *Pope*, and the Neighbourly Princes of *Italy*, to call and solicit for their Extirpation, and their Prince positively resolv'd upon it, *Cromwell* sent his Agent to the Duke of *Savoy*, a Prince with whom he had no Correspondence, or Commerce, and so engag'd the Cardinal, and even terrified the *Pope* himself, without so much as doing any Grace to the *English Roman Catholicks* (nothing being more usual than his saying, 'That his Ships in the *Mediterranean* should visit *Civita Vecchia*, and that the Sound of his Cannon should be heard in *Rome*,)' That
the

the Duke of *Savoy* thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and did renew all those Privileges they had formerly enjoyed, and newly forfeited.

The other Instance of his Authority was yet greater, and more incredible. In the City of *Nismes*, which is one of the fairest in the Province of *Languedoc*, and where those of the Religion do most abound, there was a great Faction at that Season when the Consuls (who are the Chief Magistrates) were to be chose: Those of the Reformed Religion had the Confidence to set up one of themselves for that Magistracy, which they of the *Roman* Religion resolved to oppose with all Holy Prayer. The Dissention between them made so much Noise, that the Intendant of the Province, who is the Supreme Minister in all Civil Affairs, ~~drove out~~ ^{through out} the Whole Province, went thither to prevent any Disorder that might happen. When the Day of Election came, those of the Religion possess'd themselves, with many armed Men of the Townhouse, where the Election was to be made. The Magistrates sent to know what it was. To which they answer'd, ' They were there ' to give their Voices for the Choice of new ' Consuls, and to be sure that the Election be ' fairly made. ' The Bishop of the City, the Intendant of the Province, with all the Officers of the Church, and the present Magistrates of

the Town went together in their Robes, to be present at the Election, without any Suspicion that there would be any Force used. When they came near the Gate of the Town-house, which was shut, and they supposed would be open'd when they came, they within poured out a Volley of Musket Shot upon them, by which the Dean of the Church, and two or three of the Magistrates of the Town were killed upon the Spot, and very many others wounded, whereof some died shortly after. In this Confusion, the Magistrates put themselves into as good a Posture to defend themselves as they could, without any Purpose of offending the other, till they should be better provided; In order to which, they sent an Express to the Court with a plain Relation of the whole Matter of Fact, ' And ' that there appeared to be no Manner of ' Combination with those of the Religion in ' other Places of the Province: But that it ' was an Insolence in those of the Place, upon ' the Presumption of their great Numbers, ' which were little inferior to those of the ' Catholicks. " The Court was glad of the Occasion, and resolved that this Provocation, in which other Places were not involved, and which no Body could excuse, should warrant all kind of Severity in that City, even to the pulling down their Temples, and expelling many of them for ever out of the City: Which

Which with the Execution and Forfeiture of many of the Principal Persons, would be a general Mortification to all of the Religion in *France*: With whom they were heartily offended: And a Part of the Army was forthwith order'd to march towards *Nismes*, to see him executed with the utmost Rigour.

Those of the Religion in the Town, were quickly sensible into what Condition they had brought themselves; and sent with all possible Submission to the Magistrates to excuse themselves, and to impute what had been done to the Rashness of particular Men, who had no Order for what they did. The Magistrates answer'd, ' That they were glad they were ' sensible of their Miscarriage, but they could ' say nothing upon the Subject, till the King's ' Pleasure should be known, to whom they ' had sent a full Relation of all that had passed. ' The Others knew very well what the King's Pleasure would be, and forthwith sent an Express by one *Moulins* to *Cromwell*, to desire his Protection and Interposition. The Express made so much haste, and found so good a Reception the first Hour he came, that *Cromwell*, after he had received the whole Account, bad him ' refresh himself after so ' long a Journey, and he would take Care of ' his Business, that by the Time he came to ' *Paris*, he should find it dispatch'd, ' and that Night sent away another Messenger to his

Em-

Embassador *Lockhart* who by the Time *Moulins* came thither, had so far prevailed with the Intendant, that Order were sent to stop the Troops, which were upon their March towards *Nismes*; within few Days after, *Moulins* return'd with a general Pardon, and Amnesty from the King, under the Great Seal of *England* and *Scotland*, fully confirmed, with all Circumstances, that there was no Scruple nor entire Mention made of it, but all things passed as if there had never been any such Thing. So that no Body can wonder, that his Memory still remains in those Parts, and with those People in great Veneration.

He would never suffer himself to be denied any thing he ask'd of the Cardinal, alledging, 'That the People would not be otherwise satisfied,' which the Cardinal bore very heavily, and complain'd of to those with whom he would be free. One Day he visited *Madam Turenne*, and when he took his Leave of her, She according to her Custom, besought him to continue Gracious to the Churches. Whereupon the Cardinal told her, 'That he knew not how to behave himself; if he advised the King to punish and suppress their Insolence, *Cromwell* threaten'd him to join with the *Spaniard*; and if he shew'd any Favour to them at *Rome*, they accounted him an *Heretick*.

To conclude his Character, *Cromwell* was not so for a Man of Blood, as to follow *Matchiavel's* Method ; which prescribes, upon a total Alteration of Government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the Heads of those and extirpate their Families, who are Friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the Council of Officers it was more than once proposed, ' that there might be a general Massacre of the Royal Party, as the only Expedient to secure the Government, but that *Cromwell* would never consent to it, it may be out of too great a Contempt of his Enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many Crimes, against which Damnation is pronounced, and for which Hell Fire is prepared, so he had some good Qualities, which have caused the Memory of some Men in all Ages to be celebrated, and he will be look'd upon by Posterity to be a *Brave Wicked Man*.

VERSES

V E R S E S

W R I T T E N B Y

Mr. C O W L E Y

Soon after the Death of

C R O M W E L L.

A H, happy Isle, how art thou chang'd
and curst,

Since I was born, and knew the first !

When Peace, which had forsook the World
around,

(Frighted with Noise, and the Shril Trumpet,
found)

Thee for a private Place of Rest,

And a secure Retirement close,

Wherein to build her *Halcyon* Nest ;

No Wind durst stir abroad the Air to discom-
pose.

II.

When all the Riches of the Globe beside,
 Flow'd into thee with ev'ry Tide ;
 When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,
 The Growth was of thy fruitful Industry ;
 When all the proud and dreadful Sea,
 And all his Tributary Streams,
 A constant Tribute paid to thee ;
 When all the liquid World was one extended
 Thames.

III.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
 And Bounty was its Steward there ;
 When Gold walk'd free about in open View
 E'er it our conqu'ring Party's Pris'ner grew ;
 When the Religion of our State,
 Had Face and Substance with her Voice,
 E'er she by 'er foolish Loves of late,
 Like Eccho, come a Nymph turn'd only into
 Noise.

IV

When Men to Men Respect and Friendship
bore,

And God with Reverence did adore;
When upon Earth no Kingdom cou'd have
shown,

A happier Monarch to us than our own;

And yet his Subjects by him were,

(Which is a Truth will hardly be

Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,

A Secret known to few) made happier
ev'n than he.

V

Thou dost a *Chaos*, and Confusion now,

A *Babel*, and a Bedlam grown,

And like a Frantick Person thou dost tear

The Ornaments and Cloaths which thou
should'st wear,

And cut thy Limbs; and if we see

(just as thy barb'rous *Britons* did)

Thy

Thy Body with Hypocrisy
 Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked Shame
 is hid.

VI.

The Nations, which envy'd thee e'er while,
 Now laugh, (too little 'tis to smile)
 They laugh, and we'd have pity'd thee (alas!)
 But that thy Faults all Pity do surpass.
 Art thou the Country which did'st hate,
 And mock the *French* Inconstancy?
 And have we, have we seen of late
 Less Changes of Habits there, than Govern-
 ments in thee?

VII.

Unhappy Isle! no Ship of thine at Sea,
 Was ever toss'd and torn like thee.
 Thy naked Hulk loose on the Waves does beat
 The Rocks and Banks around her Ruin threat;
 What did they foolish Pilots ail,
 To lay the Compass quite aside;

Without

(31)

Without a Law or Rule to sail,
And rather take the Winds, then Heav'ns to be
their Guide ?

VIII.

Yet mighty God, yet we humbly crave
This floating Isle from Shipwrack save ;
And tho' to wash that Blood which does it stains
It well deserves to Sink into the Main ;
Yet for the Royal Martyr's Pray'r
(The Royal Martyr prays we know)
This guilty, perishing Vessel spare ;
Here but his Soul above, and not his Blood
below.

F I N I S.



And rather take the Winds, than leave it to be
Whipped a Law unto to fill
their Quicks?

VIII.

Yet might God, for we humbly crave
This Boasting life from shipwreck save
And tho' to wait that Blood which does it in
It well deserves to sink into the Main;
Yet for the Royal Mary's Day
(The Royal Martyr pray we know)
This gallie, perishing Vessel here
Here but his soul above, and not his Blood
below.

Amat

